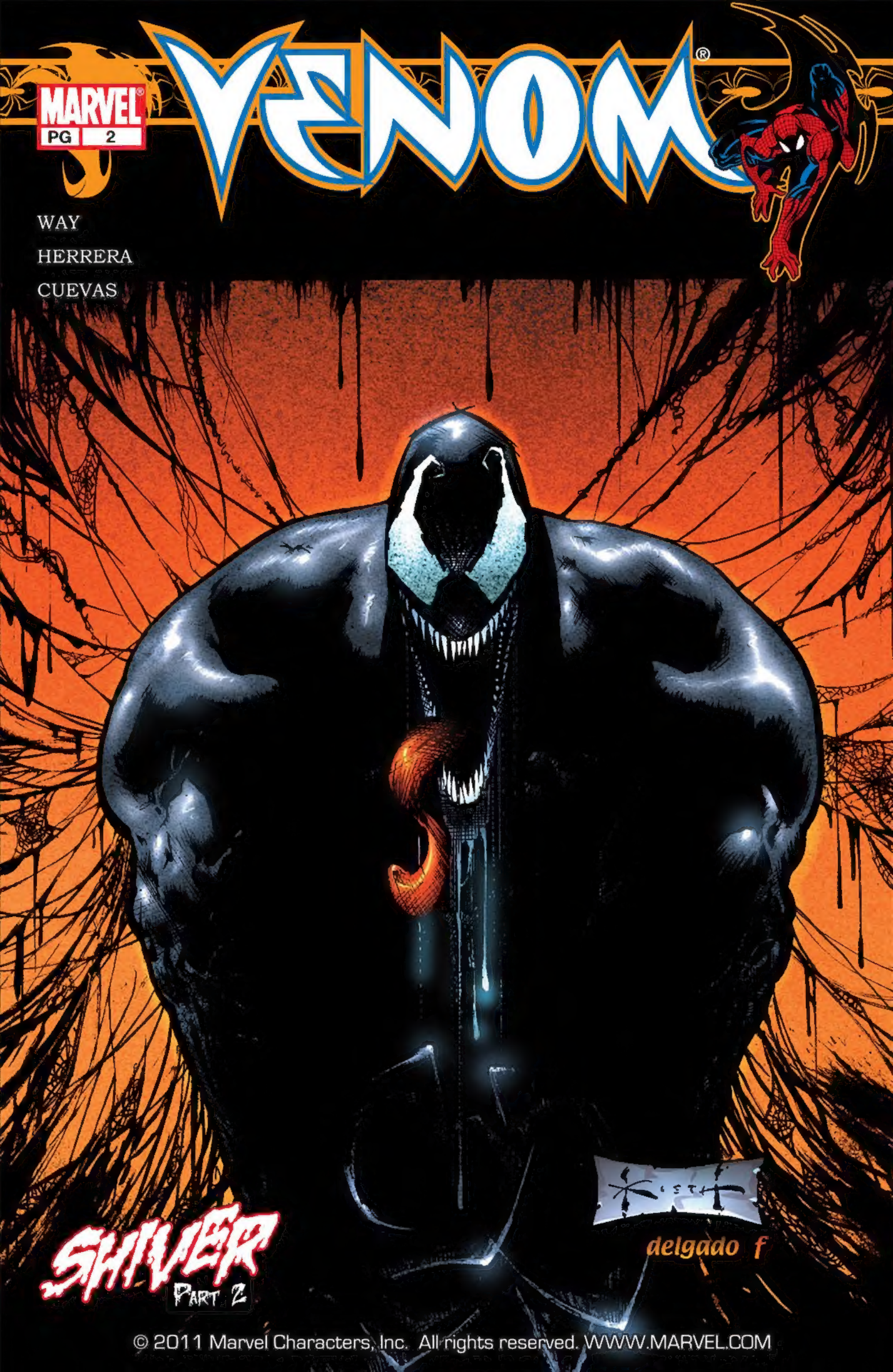

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VENOM #2

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THE ARARAT
RESEARCH CENTER
LAB

BLIP!
BLIP!
BLIP!
BLIP!
BLEEEEEEP!

DEET DEET
I am too late.
It is gone.
Yes -- a military installation in the vicinity.
Perhaps it is not too late to contain the situation.
I agree.
I will run.

U.S. RADAR STATION "CHRISTMAS TOWN"
Something happened at that lab.
Something terrible.
YYAAAAHHHH!
And he's the only one who knows what.
Hey--help me out here--this guy's freakin' the hell out!
WOOF! WOOF!
I shouldn't have brought him here.
Jackson--why are letting that civilian make a mockery of your military training?
And someone shut those damn dogs up!
WOOF! WOOF!
WOOF!
For all I know, he killed everyone at the lab.
He's-he's stronger than he looks!
Aaahh! Aaaaaaahhhhh!
WOOF! WOOF!
And bringing him back here is just what he wants.

So he can kill us, too.
hhhhhh...
WOOF!
I think he... passed out!
Yeah... thank God. Between him and those damn dogs barking...
RROOWWRRR...
Robertson--see what's goin' on with the dogs.
Yes, sir-c'mon, Saunders.
Right behind you.
Jackson. Delacroix--what the hell was that about? Two trained soldiers can't hold down a single damn egghead civilian?
Did you boys get lost on the way to the Navy, or what?

Well, that was freaky...you think that lab guy's gone crazy?
I wouldn't blame him if he did.
You should've seen that lab, Saunders...
...it was a slaughterhouse.
I'll take your word for--
Aw, no...
Hnnnnn...
Ivan!

Hold on, baby...

Hey-hey! Relax, fellas... It's okay! Lemme through!

Hey! Get back here!
He's alive!

Thank, God!
Let's get 'im outta here--bring 'im inside.
You got it.

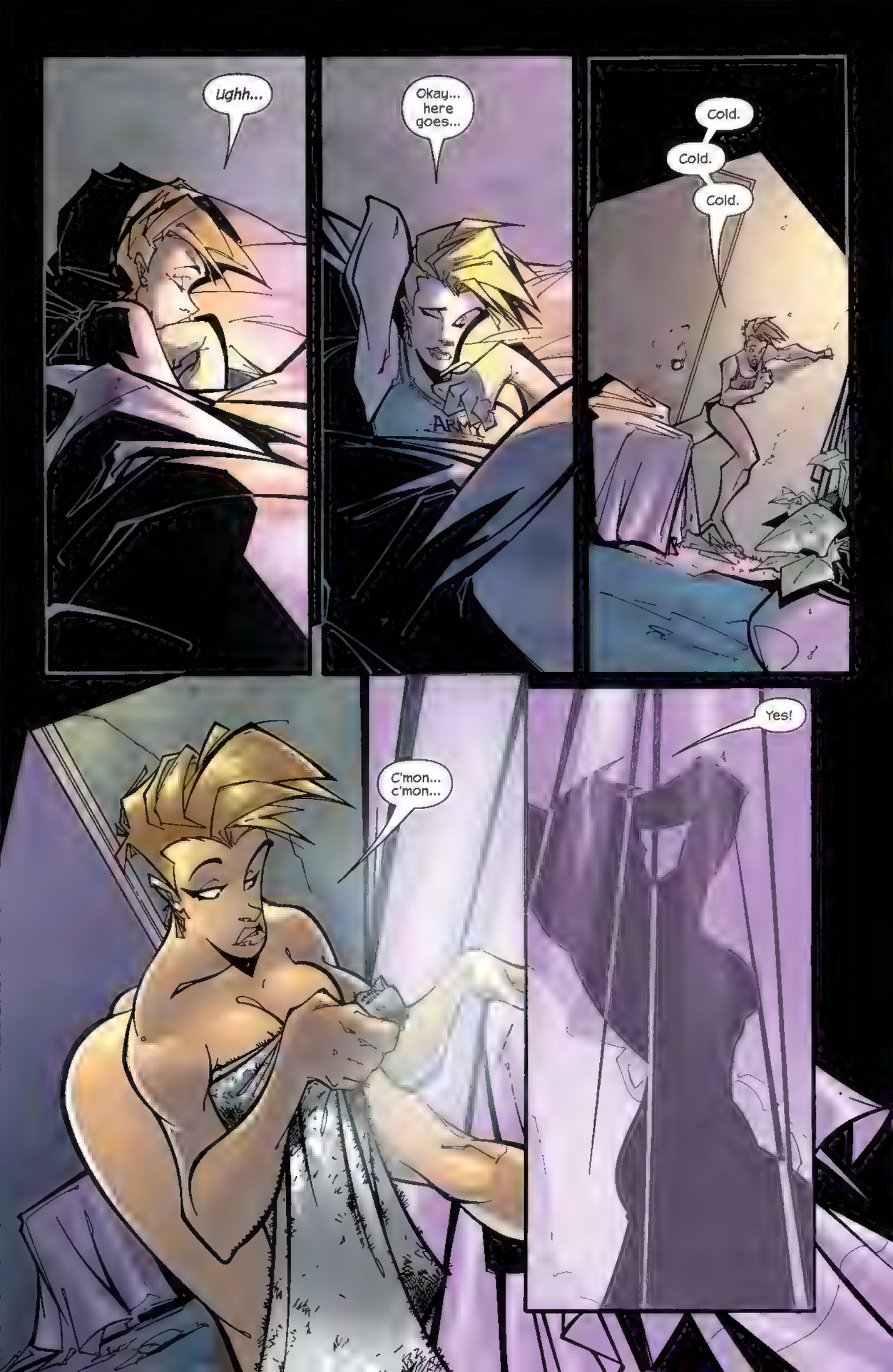
Hey, what about the other dogs...?
They'll come back when they get hungry... hurry up!
Aw, man... he's drip--
What?
He's what?
Nothin'... it's nothin'.
For god's sake, Saunders...
...don't scare me like that!

Jackson-- you know anything about taking care of sick dogs?
'Bout as much as I know about taking care of spastic research scientists...
What happened?
Just... please help him.
I dunno, but the rest of the pack sure is spooked about it...they didn't want to be anywhere near him.
Well, he's conscious...almost looks like some kind of catatonic state.
You don't think it's, like, rabies or nothin'... do ya?
No way, Delacroix... rabies gets around through a chain of hosts, which it eventually destroys. Up here in the Arctic, there's not enough hosts to make a chain--everything's too far apart.
Tell 'im, Saunders...

Wh-- why me?
'Cuz you grew up on a farm, right?
Oh.
Yeah.
A farm.
Yeah.
Awright-- I've had about enough of this for one day-- Jackson, you keep an eye on that civilian an' let me know when he comes to. Everybody else, bunk down for the night...
...except you, Saunders--contact Greenland station an' tell 'em we need a civilian evac. Probably won't be able to get a signal-- what with this storm ridin' up-- but we're obligated to at least try.
Any suggestions for Ol' Yeller, here?
I'm kinda in the dark here, sir-- I figure we'll just keep 'im inside, keep 'im warm... and hope for the best.
I'm sorry, Robertson--I'm... I'm just not trained for this kinda thing.
I know, I know...
...just do what you can.
G'night, sweetie...you're gonna be okay, I promise.
Lights out in ten, people-- I wanna keep the generator nice and charged...

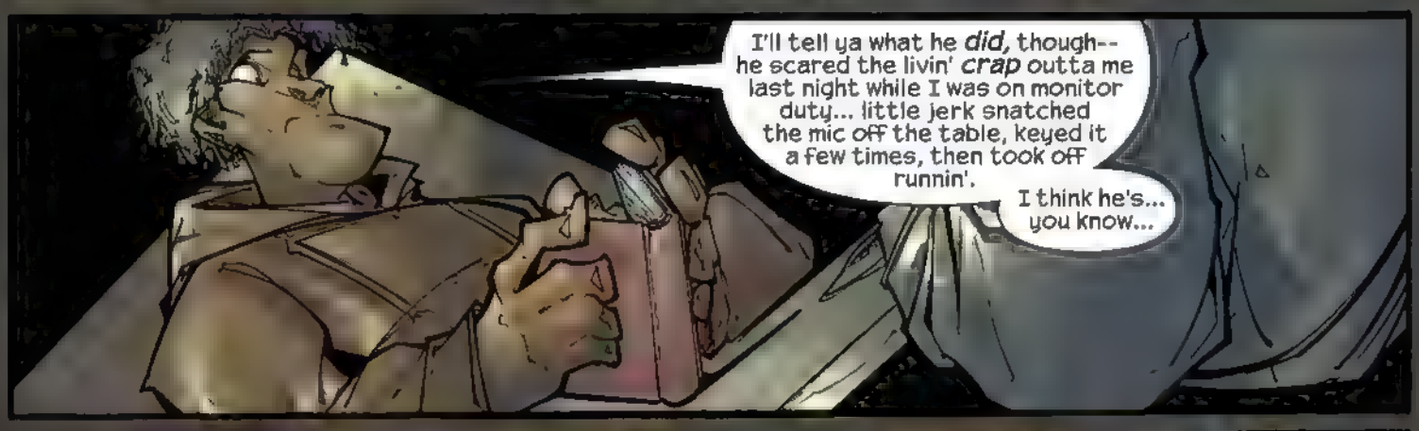
"I got a bad feelin' about this storm."
Yeah?
What the hell do you want?

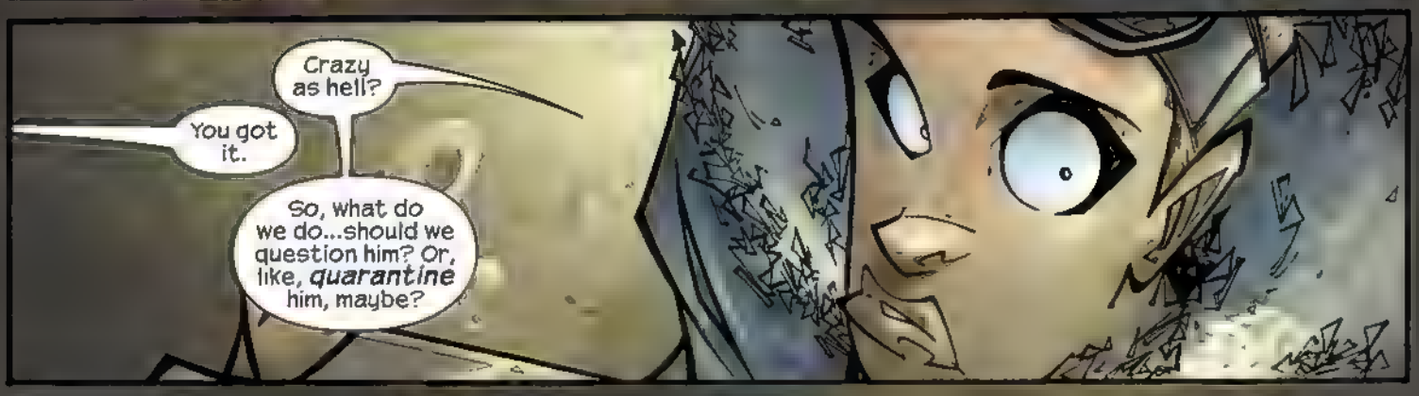
Whoah--
hey...take
it easy...

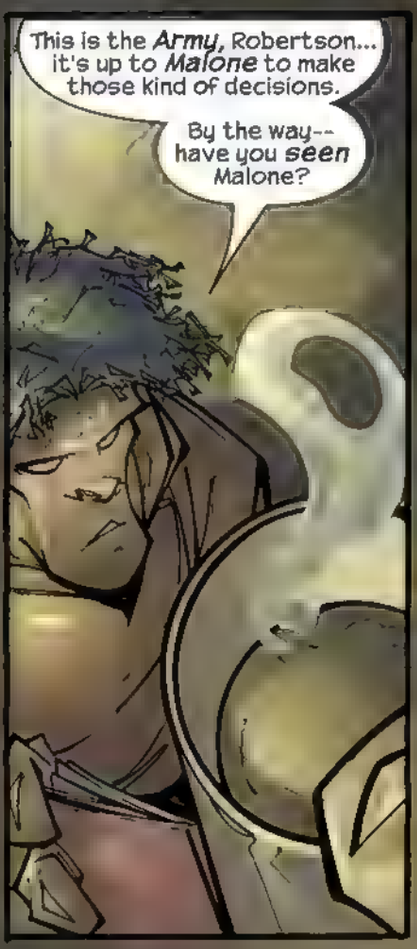

Ughh...
Okay... here goes...
Cold.
Cold.
Cold.
C'mon... c'mon...
Yes!

Mornin'.
Mornin'.
I made bacon.
Yeah, I see...solid work there, soldier.
Just like your mama used to make.
The civvy's up and about.
You mean... that guy from the research lab? Where is he?
Hidin' over there...
Under the table.
Been there all morning.

He *said* anything?
Nope.


I'll tell ya what he *did*, though-- he scared the livin' *crap* outta me last night while I was on monitor duty... little jerk snatched the mic off the table, keyed it a few times, then took off runnin'.
I think he's... you know...


Crazy as hell?
You got it.
So, what do we do...should we question him? Or, like, *quarantine* him, maybe?

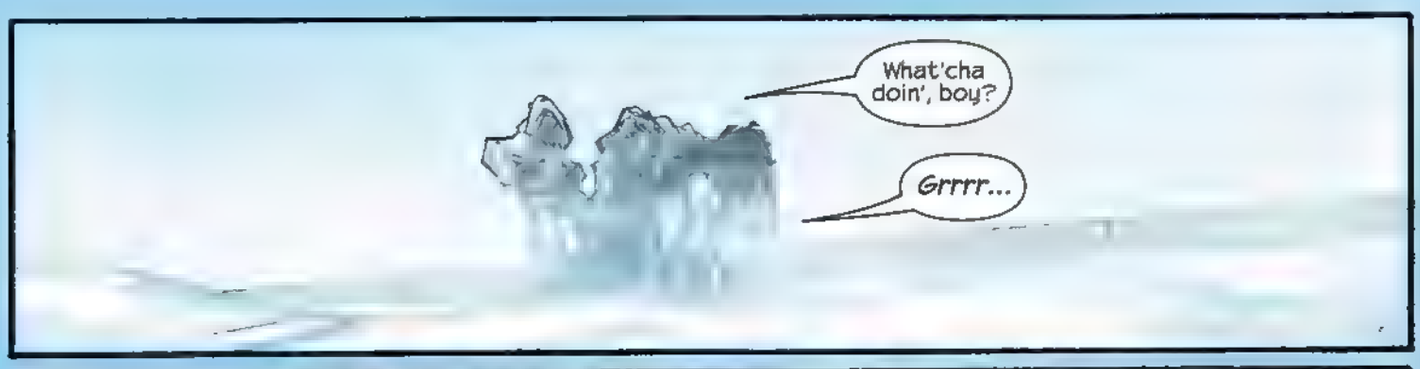

This is the *Army*, Robertson... it's up to *Malone* to make those kind of decisions.
By the way-- have you *seen* Malone?

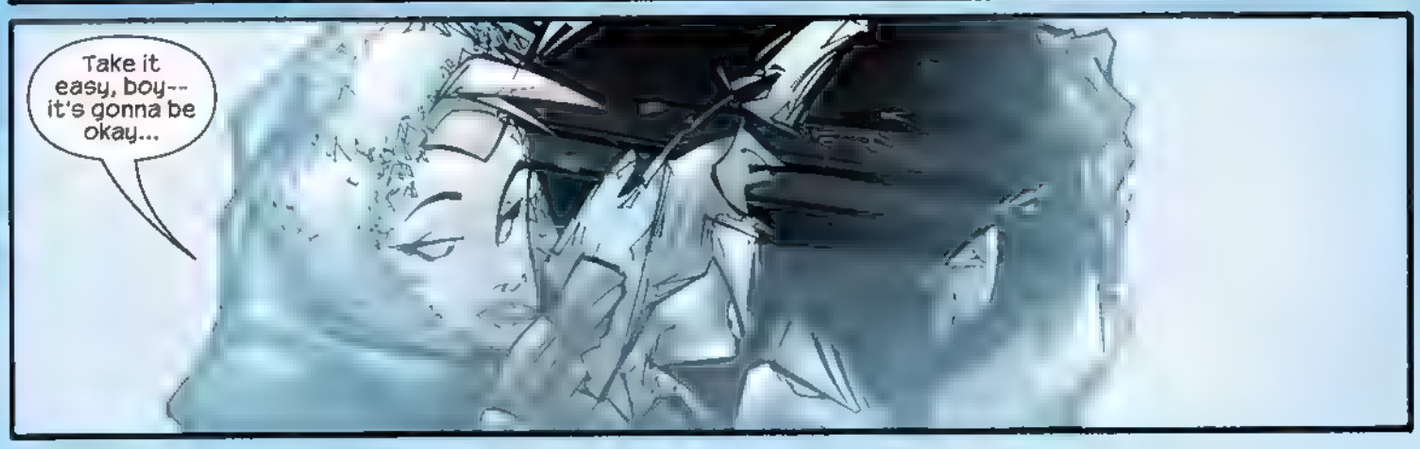
He doesn't *know* yet? Malone told you to *notify* him as soon as that guy *woke up!*
I haven't been able to *find* 'im.
Actually, other than our *friend* over there, you're the only person I've seen *all morning.*

That's kinda spooky...

BOO.
Where's the survivor?
U-under the table, sir.
You two get outta here.
But... *why*, sir? I'm curious to--
Because I am your commanding officer, that's why!
Let's go check on Ivan.
Geez-- what crawled up *his* butt?
Your guess is as good as mine...

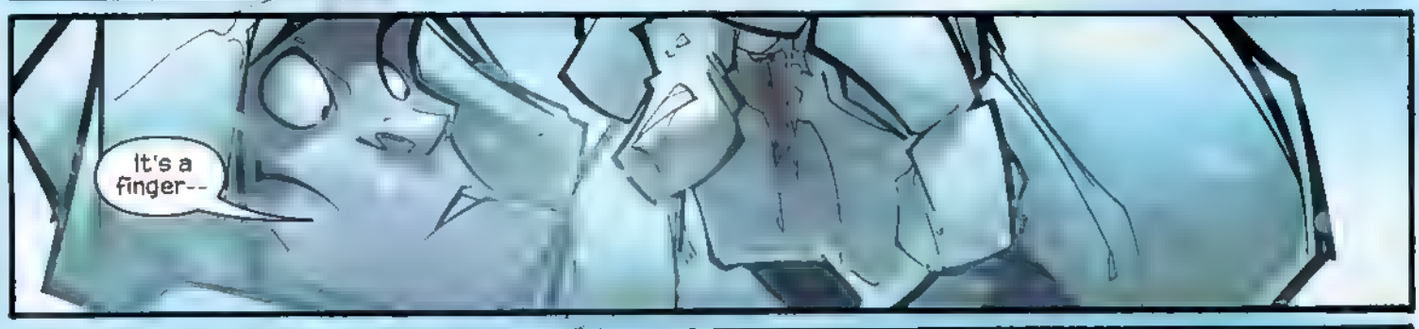
Ivan's outside?
Yeah...he woke me up this morning, whinin' and yippin'. He must've really had to go to the bathroom...
...'cause he almost knocked the door down tryin' to get the hell outta here.
I'm kinda glad to get out, too... I've been gettin' this really creepy vibe all morning.
Like somethin's... just not right, y'know?
Get used to it, Robertson... the arctic is a creepy place.
Now go say "hi" to your dog.
Ivan!
Ivan...?
Hnnnn!

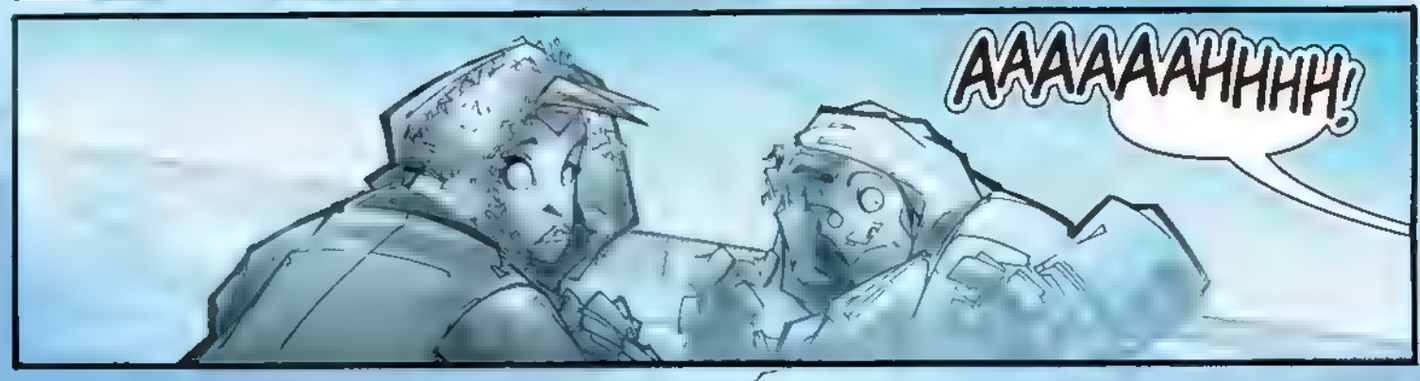

What'cha doin', boy?
Grrrr...


Take it easy, boy-- it's gonna be okay...

Wait a minute--Oh, no... his mouth is bleeding.
Lemme take a look...

He's got somethin' in there.
What, like a mouse or something?
No...it looks like--
Oh, $%@#!


It's a finger--


AAAAAAHHHH!

In here!
Get--get away! Aaaaaahhhh!
Look out!
WHACK!
Jackson! Oh, $#%*... wake up! Are you--
It...it's here...
Oh my God, it's here!

What's here --what're you talkin' about?
It's gonna kill us all...we're all dead. You're dead...
What's gonna kill us? What happened at the research lab?
We didn't know-- we thought we could contain it...
Contain...
...."it"?
They were working on something at that lab.
Something that they lost control of.
And it killed them all.
All but one.
Which it left alive for a reason.
I...
I didn't think it would...
Follow me...
It didn't...

...It followed *me.*
HHSSSSHH!

EMPIRE